

SOME CRUEL AND UNUSUAL

Double Penalty Threatened for Those Who Dared to Interfere With the Wires.

Rotorua has been laughing over the wording of a notice that has been placed by the public works department on some of the electric wire posts on the road to Okere, in New Zealand.

Some time ago a Maori youth, who seemed to have a misguided taste for experimenting, threw a long piece of cable over the electric wires that run to Rotorua from the power station at the Okere Falls.

The town was at once plunged in darkness for two or three hours until the mischief had been located.

The dusky and youthful experimenter was carped in the court and fined for his scientific enthusiasm, and the department put up this notice—

"Any persons climbing the electric light poles or damaging the insulators are liable to a fatal shock and a penalty of £10."—T.H.B.H.

By Way of Excuse.

"Youngleigh has some singular ideas."

"What, for instance?"

"Well, he says it is mean to profit by other people's experience after they've been at all the trouble and expense of collecting it."

TO DRIVE OUT MALARIA AND BUILD UP THE SYSTEM
Take the Old Standard GROVER'S PASTILLES (MILK TONIC). You know what you are taking. The formula is plainly printed on every bottle, showing it is simple. Quinine and iron in a tasteless form, and the most effective tonic. For grown people and children 50 cents.

After a woman living in a small town has visited in the city for a couple of weeks she calls her hired girl a maid.

Many people have receding gums. Rub Hamlin's Wizard Oil on gums and stop the decay; chase the disease germs with a mouth wash of a few drops to a spoonful of water.

We are apt to speak of a man as being lucky when he has succeeded where we have failed.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels and cure constipation.

There isn't much home for the man who has no self-respect.

BILIOUS

TRY A BOTTLE OF
HOSTETTER'S
Stomach Bitters

Nothing can upset your health quicker or make you feel more miserable than a lazy liver—but remember the Bitters prevents all this by toning and invigorating the entire system.

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"BULL DOG" BRANDS FERTILIZER

Just try them once on one acre of land, compare the yield from this acre with the yield from an unfertilized acre, and you will never again farm without "BULL DOG" Brands of fertilizer.

Write for free Pocket Memorandum Book.
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We tell you how and you keep it. Write for weekly price list and references.
M. SABEL & SONS
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PREVENTION
better than cure. Tutt's Pills if taken in time are not only a remedy for, but will prevent
SICK HEADACHE,
biliousness, constipation and kindred diseases.

Tutt's Pills

Peterson's Eye Salve FOR ALL SORE EYES

PISO'S
THE BEST MEDICINE
for COUGHS & COLDS

The AWAKING of the OLDER NATIONS

Persian Pilgrims Carry Seeds of Modern Reform—Holy Places of Moslems Near Bagdad Are Shrines for Myriads of Shi'ahs From Afar.

By WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

Bagdad, Turkey.—The man of the street in Philadelphia, or Chicago, or London would look skeptical if told that the most densely populated section of the earth's surface was formerly the region off in this little-known corner of the earth which is now the Mesopotamian desert. It is hard for one on the spot to realize that these wastes were once of incredible fertility, and that the kings of the whole earth once reigned here in splendor. At present, the roving Arabs and the Moslem pilgrims have the land to themselves. The tracks across the desert are chiefly made by pious members of the Shi'ah sect of Moslems, who are required to make at least one pilgrimage a year to these holy cities set off in the desert.

The popular idea is that Mecca is the one great place of Islamic pilgrimage. Certainly it holds first place, and Medina, the home and burial place of Mohammed, comes second. All Moslems, of whatever sect, agree as to the sanctity of these holy places. But the Shi'ah sect of Moslems, who abound in Persia and India, and are by the Sunnites considered heretics, regard the graves of Ali and Hussein as of almost equal sanctity; and the rule of pilgrimage to these spots is more rigidly observed by them than by Sunnites generally. Ali was the husband of Fatima, the daughter of Mohammed, and Hussein was their son, the prophet's grandson. As the direct descendant of the prophet, he is esteemed as greater than his father, who entered the line by marriage. These two men contended with the companions of Mohammed for the succession to the supreme place, or caliphate, and in sanguinary battles were defeated. The Sunnite Moslems hold to the validity of the succession of the Companions, whereas the Shi'ahs accept the claims of Ali and Hussein and regard them as martyrs. When they read the story of the death of the prophet's grandson the pilgrims weep and wail loudly, for all to hear.

Rich Shrines in the Desert.

It sounds like the Arabian Nights to tell of towers of pure gold piercing the air of the remote desert, yet such is the literal fact. I am able to understand with what joy the weary travelers over these interminable wastes, where there is no object to relieve the monotony, are gladdened by the sight of the golden minarets of Kerbelah's mosque, beneath which repose the bones of the martyred Hussein. In the same fashion the dome and minarets of Meshed Ali, or Nejed, signal from afar that the goal of the pilgrim is in sight. The cupolas and minarets of both these sacred mosques are plated with pure gold, and beneath them are treasures that stagger the imagination, the piled-up gifts of rich and royal devotees. When the late shah of Persia visited Kerbelah, the storehouses were opened, and the riches he beheld were of staggering oriental sumptuousness. Incidentally, it may be mentioned, the leaders of the Shi'ah Moslems, resident here, have almost the last word to say concerning the fate of Persia.

No Christian may enter one of these mosques. Under the new regime he may not be kept out of the city, but the best he can get is a passing glimpse of the lavish golden ornamentation of the courtyards of the mosques and of the wonderful mo-

saics, and by discreetly passing all he may gain a fair knowledge of the mosques, though if he carries, as I know, he is likely to be shown how unwelcome he is. That the old spirit which counted merit in slaying non-Moslems still exists I learned while on this pilgrimage. At Meshed Ali we were unable to secure lodgings at any of the houses, not because they were full, but because it was the anniversary of Hussein's death and feeling was running high. We were taken care of by the Young Turk officials, and put up in the courtroom. Even so, the food we bought from the bazaar was poisoned and I was made seriously ill.

The magnificence of Kerbelah and Meshed Ali is famous, but the mosque at Samarra is really finer—the most beautiful in all the world. It is not so well known because Samarra, another shrine city, is further up the Tigris, and not visited by so many persons. It is counted a point of special merit to be buried near to the graves of Ali and Hussein, and so the neighborhood of both cities is surrounded with graves, some of them sumptuous.

And the West is coming even this far East. This very tide of pilgrims is a factor in the awakening of the world that might not occur to one who had not seen its proportions or its



The Temple of Niffur.

character. People come from all over the Orient to these shrine cities. They meet and fraternize at the wayside inns, as well as in the cities which are their goals. Travelers in the East talk together more than in the West. They gather at nightfall about the common fire and tales of all the earth are told. Because these men cannot read does not mean that they are fools; and as they discuss, literally, the affairs of nations, there is created that intangible thing called public opinion. The advantages of western education, of western mechanical appliances, of western justice, and of western conveniences, are all fully thrashed out. We commonly speak of the newspaper, the telegraph and the steam engine as great agencies of civilization; added to these must be the wayside conversations of the leisurely East.

Camel Farms on the Desert.

Further south on the Mesopotamian desert than the shrine cities are villages of Arabs, who subsist largely by raising camels. The crop of camels is larger than one would think, for in this region alone their number is legion. Thousands of female camels, feeding on the camel-thorn which seems fit for nothing but fuel, and thousands of baby camels, feeding on the mothers, are a sight like nothing else in the world. The funny little beasts, with most absurdly long legs, are covered with a soft wool, white, black, or fawn color, and they scamper about the desert as if they had been trained to cut capers in a circus. Arabs watch them, each armed with a gun or a bludgeon.

Arbitration treaties and doctrines of peace do not reach down here. Every man must be his own policeman. The traveler who went unarmed or unescorted might fare badly.

ly. Outside of each of the villages is a high, rectangular tower, built of mud bricks, and resembling the pictures of the Tower of Babel in the old family Bibles. This is both watch tower and fortress. Here a sentinel is ever on the lookout for the approach of marauding bands, or war parties of enemies, and into this the people are gathered when there is danger of attack. The petty wars that are life and death to these people are, of course, unknown to the world.

As near as the average Arab ever comes to work in this part of the world is when he sets to digging for "antikas," as the antiquities which he unearths from the sand are called. The advent of archaeologists has meant a new era for Bedouin. The University of Pennsylvania expedition at Niffur found a pot of gold, and as the Arab's avarice overmasters his laziness he is forever seeking for the hidden treasures of the ancient Babylonian civilization which flourished here. Even the statues and bronzes and clay tablets which he digs up are marketable, when taken to Bagdad. So anybody who wants to collect a modest library of writings from four to seven thousand years old may gather the clay books at sundry desert places, after a deal of bargaining with the Bedouin. The latter have lately uncovered at Jokka, several



The Temple of Niffur.

miles south of Niffur, a library of about twenty thousand tablets. That these should be lost or scattered, instead of going into the possession of the archaeologists, is a matter for real regret. Any one of them may contain information that will necessitate the rewriting of the books of early history.

It is no news to the world that Babylon is fallen, but how complete is her decline can be understood only by those who have visited the ruins which the German archaeological expedition has unearthed. This work is largely supported by the German government, partly from scientific zeal, and partly, one suspects, in order to have a stake in Mesopotamia. It is a notable bit of archaeological enterprise, characterized by German thoroughness. The palace of Nebuchadnezzar has been laid bare to its foundations, and one may read the mind of the royal builder in his work, as he erected his grander palace upon that of his father. Few finds of a startling character, in the way of inscriptions, have been made by the Germans, but they have made plain the architecture and manner of life at Nebuchadnezzar's court. One may stand on the very spot where rested the throne of Belshazzar when he saw the handwriting on the wall. The very pavements on which walked these kings, and where Alexander the Great planned the conquest of Asia, are here to be seen.

For most of the year "the rivers of Babylon" do not flow at all; but Sir William Willcocks is bringing them back, and when his irrigation project gets under way, within five years hence, the ruins of Babylon will once more be surrounded by fertile fields, and the emptiness of Babylon's palace will re-echo to the sound of American farm machinery.

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curies Thomas Fairchild, a Hoxton gardener, who died in 1729, bequeathed a sum of money for the purpose of paying a preacher to deliver a lecture in the church "in the afternoon of Tuesday in every Whitsun week." The lecture must be one of the two following subjects: "The Wonderful Works of God in Creation" or "The Certainty of the Resurrection of the Dead, as Evidenced by Changes in the Animal and Vegetable Parts of the Creation." The lecture was first preached in 1730 and has been delivered annually ever since.

The Real Feeling.

"Do you realize that the ice-water tank you have just drunk from may be swarming with microbes?" asked the funny health faddist, just as we had finished refreshing ourselves, at the Cleveland Plain Dealer. "Yes, I do," we answered defiantly. We mopped our perspiring face as we spoke and attempted to pull our white collar together in front for dignity's sake. "And aren't you afraid of those microbes in the ice water?" "No, sir—we are jealous of them."

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures all blood humors, all eruptions, clears the complexion, creates an appetite, aids digestion, relieves that tired feeling, gives vigor and vim.

Get it today in usual liquid form or chocolate tablets called Sarsatabs.

Texas Directory

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Husband Was Willing.

The Scot has no monopoly of domestic felicity, as many a piquant paragraph bears witness. The other day an old farmer and his wife were "doing" the sights of a provincial town, and, among other places they visited a panorama of South Africa.

The views were extremely interesting, and the couple were enjoying themselves to the full. As scene after scene passed, the woman's enthusiasm increased, and at length, turning to her husband, she exclaimed:

"Oh, Sandy, this is really splendid. I could just sit here all my days."

"Ah, well, Jennie, woman," replied Sandy, to the mirth of those sitting near, "just sit you still there; I'll not grudge the sixpence."

Fellows in Distress.

An efficient woman principal of a New York grammar school, though devoid of good looks and bearing the marks of long service in her profession, still retains the charm of a delightful frankness. One day while watching the pupils pass out of her building two by two, as usual, she noticed one boy marching alone, with his arm to his eyes, sobbing tumultuously. In answer to her solicitous inquiry as she drew him from the line, the little fellow wailed: "I—I haven't got no pardner!"

The principal extended a prompt and sympathetic hand. "Shake, dear boy, shake!" she invited. "I haven't either."

A Sticker.

"Say, pa?"
"What is it?"
"Does it take sixty minute men to make one man of the hour?"

When you hear two men talking so loudly that they can be heard in the next block, they are talking about something they know nothing about.

For Instance Post Toasties



The Memory Lingers

~ Grocer says because they are

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